

MYSTERIOUS FIRES IN RUTHERFORD.

Incendiaries Apply the Match to
Four Places Within Twenty-
four Hours and Escape.

Three Cottages Destroyed on Friday
Night and Two Attempts Made
on Saturday.

SUSPECT MISCHIEVOUS BOYS.

The Robbs, Who Have Lived in the Town
Only Two Months, Cause Gossip
Among Their Neighbors—Their
Masked Windows.

During the twenty-four hours between Friday night and Saturday night last there were four fires in Rutherford, N. J., undoubtedly the work of incendiaries. Concerning two of the fires the police reject this cause, but admit that the others might be the work of mischievous boys. It is recalled in this connection that a barn was fired last June, and three boys who were arrested confessed that they committed the deed solely for the excitement of seeing the fire engine turn out.

These were pretty big boys, too, and, as Police Captain Holland declares, "old enough to know better." They were "Jerry" Harris, colored, and Michael Canary, of Rutherford, and Frank Barnett, of Jersey City. They were sentenced to four months in the County Jail.

It is not clearly apparent that any of the fires that have thrown the householders of the town in a panic have been the work of boys, but the police say the method in two cases was identical with that employed by the young men last year.

THREE HOUSES BURNED IN A NIGHT.
Mr. and Mrs. E. Budd, who lived in a two-story cottage at No. 46 Union avenue, left their home at 7 o'clock Friday evening to attend a theatre in this city. They securely locked the house. It was discovered ablaze at 8:15, and despite the prompt work of the fire department was gutted from cellar to roof.

On the same evening Mrs. Margaret McDonough, who occupied a cottage at the corner of Rutherford and Gouverneur avenues, went out to visit her married daughter. She, too, securely locked her house. "Eddie" Gaah, son of a neighbor, was returning home at 9:30, and, turning the corner, he saw flames leaping up the entire length of the house. The blaze appeared to have started under the stoop and by the time he gave the alarm the entire front of the place was ablaze.

Marcus May, a retired pressman, well known in several public houses in this city, had occupied the adjoining cottage for the last nineteen years. When he ran into the street he saw the McDonough house was doomed, so he and his neighbors turned their attention to saving his own home. A bucket brigade was formed, and the water was dashed over the roof and on the sides of his cottage. The wind, too, was blowing in a favorable direction and it looked for a time as though the house would be saved. In a short while, however, the entire blazing cottage collapsed and fell into the cellar. A great cloud of sparks arose, and May's place took fire and was soon almost burned to the ground. The engine that had been working at the Budd fire, of course, arrived too late to be of any avail.

STRAW SATURATED WITH KEROSENE.
Captain Holland was standing in Depot square at 10 o'clock Saturday night discussing these fires with a townsman, when he saw smoke issuing from the office building occupied by L. Bobbink, only a few feet away. He ran to the spot and found a fierce fire burning under the stoop. There was a quantity of straw there that had been saturated with kerosene. The blaze was extinguished by firemen with small damage to the place. The engine was just about to be driven away when Holland, who stood on the piazza, looked across the railroad tracks.

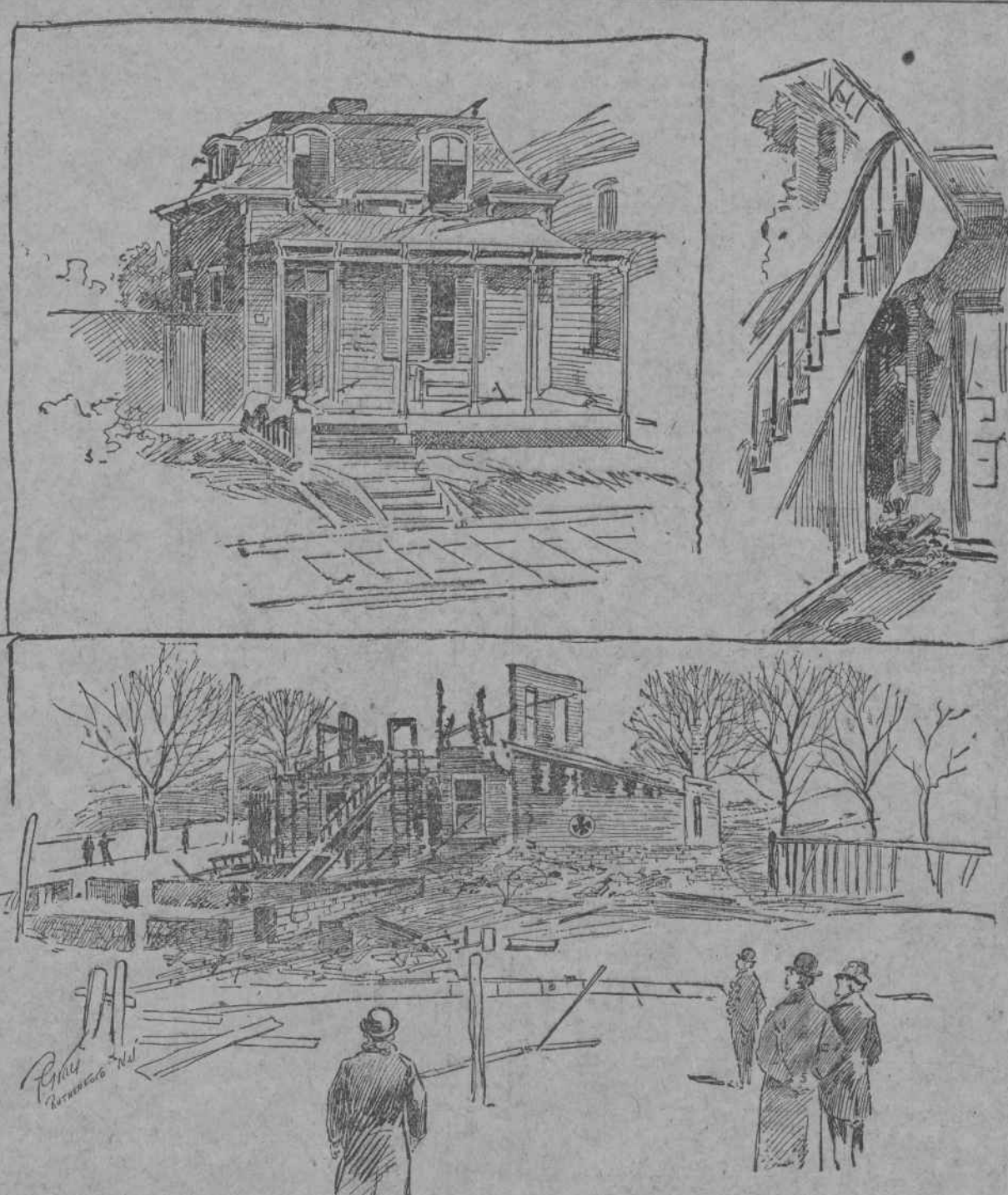
"Great Scott, boys!" he exclaimed, "there's another." It was the barn of Peter Saunders, about four blocks away, and by the time they reached it, it was beyond saving. No suspicious person was seen near the scene of either of these fires, but Charley Farr, a half-witted lad, was arrested on suspicion. He was away on the other side of the town, and the only ground for his arrest was that the police regarded his carrying a bundle of papers as extremely suspicious. He explained that he had picked them up in the street and was taking them home. He had no matches in his pockets, and after being closely questioned he was permitted to go.

Just a stone's throw from Bobbink's, in Depot square, Rutherford, had probably the largest fire in its history in December last. That, too, was the work of an incendiary, and August Vorwald, a shoe dealer, met his death in the building. The total loss was about \$100,000. Nor was that all. An employee of the shoe dealer, commonly known as George, when he heard of Vorwald's death the following morning, ended his own life by cutting his throat. Who fired the building was never discovered. The ruins are there yet, a grim reminder of the firebug's work.

"CAPTAIN HOLLAND NOT ALARMED."
"The Bobbink and the Saunders fires," said Captain Holland yesterday, "I consider the work of mischievous boys, just like the arrested last year. We have a slight glow, and my men are working on the case. More I cannot say at present. I don't believe the other fires were incendiaries. That in Budd's house started from a furnace in the cellar, and burned its way to the roof. There's nothing suspicious about that. The fire that started in Mrs. McDonough's place I don't know how to account for. I don't think, however, there is any reason to think it was the work of a firebug."

Despite the Captain's assertion, an inspection of Budd's house shows that the fire did not start in the cellar. There is no furnace there, and the floor above was not burned from the cellar side. The blaze, it is apparent, started in a small closet just at the head of the stairs leading to the cellar and directly beneath those leading to the second floor. The Budds were not in Rutherford yesterday, but a note pinned on the door told that they would be moved to No. 11 Chestnut street by to-morrow. Alongside of the stoop yesterday, between it and the picket fence that separates the lot from that of No. 48, was a quantity of fresh shavings. There had been no recent repairs in the house, and neighbors who visited it regarded this fact as being worthy of note.

ELEMENTS OF A MYSTERY.
The Budds have caused considerable speculation in the neighborhood. They hired the house about two months ago



WORK OF A MYSTERIOUS INCENDIARY IN RUTHERFORD, N. J.

The cottage of E. Budd and the closet under the stairway in which the fire started. All that is left of Mrs. Margaret McDonough's home is the foundation and adjoining it is the remains of the cottage of Marcus May.

and did not seem disposed to make any friends. It was noticed that little or no light came from the place at night. When the firemen broke in they found nearly all the windows curtained with a cheap black cloth. Even the windows of the cellar were thus screened.

Mrs. Budd dressed very expensively, and on the day before the fire, it is told, she hung twelve or thirteen handsome gowns out to air. Mrs. John McFadden, who lives next door, saw them and wondered at their expensiveness. Mr. Budd seemed to have a great deal of leisure. He and his wife returned to Rutherford on the train Friday night to find their house gutted.

About a month ago a stranger called at the house next door and inquired for a person whose name was unknown in the neighborhood. He said the man he sought lived at No. 46 Union avenue. He was told that Robb lived there. "Oh, that's all right," said he. He went to Budd's house and was admitted. Neighbors recalled this as they looked through the house yesterday and found an express label on a carpet bag marked "E. Van Deer." It was dated February 4. Just three days before Budd opened an account with C. J. Knapp, a hardware dealer in the town. Then there was a letter from James S. Fitch, a Yonkers real estate dealer, dated December 30, 1895. The corner of the sheet bearing the name of the person to whom it was addressed was carefully torn out.

CAUGHT TWO SCORCHERS.

They Had Wagged Their Fingers at Brown, the New Park Patrolman, as They Sped by.

Park Patrolman George W. Brown, a new man on the force, stood leaning against his wheel at the corner of Seventy-second street and Western Boulevard, Saturday afternoon. Down the boulevard, advancing with the speed of a locomotive, came two men, riding a tandem. Their backs were bent and they were "scorching." In the most flagrant violation of the ordinance, and placing his thumb to his nose, wagged the fingers. This is a custom derived from the ancient Greeks, and is commonly supposed to imply derision and contempt.

Brown swung himself into the saddle, bent over the handle bars and started in hot pursuit. But the tandem riders looked over their shoulders and smiled, confident in their strength and fleetness. But the policeman only shut his teeth tightly together; nor did he notice that fully 200 riders, dancing with the excitement of the chase, were following him, determined to be in at the death. For four blocks the tandem seemed to have the best of it, but the people lining the curbs noticed that the riders showed evidence of distress. The two riders again looked over their shoulders, but to smile illumined their features, while on the contrary an expression of grim mirth could be seen on the face of the flying patrolman.

At Eighty-third street the policeman was only half a block in the rear; at Eighty-fifth street there were less than eight yards between pursued and pursuer, while at Eighty-seventh street, a great shout arose as Brown placed his hand upon the shoulder of the tandem "stroke."

In the Yorkville Court yesterday the prisoners said they were Frank and Frederick Wagner, printers, of No. 28 Second street. Magistrate Deuel fined them \$3 each.

HIS SKULL WAS FRACTURED

An Unknown Man Died While Being Taken to a Hospital.

An unconscious man, lying on the sidewalk in front of No. 41 Coenties Slip, attracted the attention of Officer Brown, of the First Precinct Police Station, early yesterday morning.

The man was placed in an ambulance, but died while being taken to the Hudson Street Hospital.

Not a scrap of anything was found on the body which would identify it. The skull was fractured at the back of the head and supposition is that the man fell upon the sidewalk while in an intoxicated condition. The dead man was about twenty-two years old and five feet five inches in height.

Get rid of a cold at once by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a certain cure for all pulmonary and bronchial affections.

Safe and sure, Jayne's Sanative Pills.

LOCKED HER LODGERS IN.

Mrs. Keenan Thought They Had Her Pocketbook, So Imprisoned Them.

In Jefferson Market Court yesterday James Collins and his wife Emma, of No. 134 West Eighteen street, were arraigned on a charge of petit larceny. Mrs. Bridget Keenan, of the same address, told Magistrate Crane that they hired a room from her last Wednesday.

She and Mrs. Collins on Saturday went shopping together. When she returned she and Mrs. Collins and Mr. Collins sat talking in the parlor. She saw Mrs. Collins pass something to her husband and they then left the room.

Mrs. Keenan said she then missed a pocketbook, which contained \$7.50. She supposed Mrs. Collins had taken it for a joke and asked for its return, but both Collins and his wife denied all knowledge of it. She then looked Collins and his wife in their room on the fourth floor and spent the night in running out of the house trying to find a policeman. She was after 6 o'clock in the morning when she met Policemen Oates and had the couple arrested.

Collins and his wife pleaded not guilty. Magistrate Crane held them in \$500 each for trial.

94 !!

The number of columns of advertising printed in THE JOURNAL yesterday was:

New York and General Ad-

vertising 78 cols.

Brooklyn Advertising.....16 cols.

Total 94 cols.

Last week the total was 993, including one advertisement which occupied three full pages. That extra space was nearly overcome this week by a number of new advertisers who didn't buy pages or half pages or quarter pages, but did buy representation, thus showing an increase over the normal business of the previous week of sixteen columns. It illustrates how the Journal is growing. It proves that a paper which adheres to rates ultimately wins the respect and the custom of the best advertisers.

THE JOURNAL is pleased with the character of the advertising which it prints daily and Sunday. It stands for the best there is, which means that a GOOD newspaper at ONE CENT is just as acceptable to good advertisers as a paper higher in price; and it means also that the better classes are reading THE JOURNAL steadily. The old saying, you know, that the company a man keeps stamps the character of the man, applies to newspapers and to advertising. When advertisers come into THE JOURNAL they are certain of being in good company, and instinctively JOURNAL readers say "We can trust them," which counts for a great deal.

Next Sunday will show still a greater increase in advertising. The Easter Journal will be a great newspaper. If advertisers want to take advantage of the issue of 300,000 copies on that day, they will please arrange for space early in the week and let us have copy as soon as possible.

MRS. BOOTH-TUCKER TROUBLED AND SICK.

Letter from Ballington Booth Is
Said to Have Completely
Unnerved Her.

A Messenger Sent for Her Brother
Fails to Find Him, but They
May Meet To-morrow.

COMMISSIONER NICOL TO REBEL.

Reported to Be About to Join Ballington Booth—Colonel Eadie Described by Rumor as the Ambitious and Revengeful Plotter.

Mrs. Booth-Tucker, who arrived from England Saturday to take joint command of the Salvation Army with her husband, was seriously ill yesterday at the Army retreat, No. 127 West Thirtieth street. She was suffering from nervous prostration and the effects of her voyage, and had to call in the services of a physician.

Captain Kippur was dispatched during the afternoon with a message to Ballington Booth. The Captain went to the headquarters of the Volunteers at Bible House and then visited Newark, as it was understood the Commander was to have conducted a meeting there. Failing to see the Commander there, he visited the Booths' home, at Montclair, where he was informed that both the Commander and Mrs. Booth were in the city visiting friends.

It was said that Mrs. Booth-Tucker was hysterical, and that this condition was due in part to the contents of the letter from her brother, which was handed to her upon her arrival at the pier. Commissioner Eva Booth, who is temporarily in command of the American branch of the Salvation Army, remained at her sister's side during the entire day, and, under instructions from

London Made Covert Coats

\$15.

Your selection of a spring overcoat does not depend on price. You'll pay what's necessary to be well dressed—no more. A proper mode in Covert Coats is that which comes from abroad. The imported coats follow that style exactly. Those made in this country don't. Not much difference in price. We sell imported Covert Coats for \$15.

E O THOMPSON
245 Broadway
Opposite City Hall Park—Cor. Murray St.

the attending physician, no one else was admitted.

FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE.

Mrs. Tucker will not appear in public until the occasion of the public reception to be extended to her and her husband at Carnegie Music Hall one week from to-morrow night. It is said that the meeting between Commander Booth and his sister will take place on Tuesday.

At the meeting of the Volunteers in Cooper Union last night Major Patten Watkins, known as the beauty of the Volunteers, offered prayer for Mrs. Booth-Tucker's rapid recovery. Every available inch of space of the big auditorium was occupied and hundreds were turned away by the police, who would not allow the aisles to be occupied.

Major Patten Watkins, in the new uniform of the Volunteers, was the attraction. When she appeared on the platform the audience seemed to go wild with enthusiasm. The members of the congregation stood up and cheered and waved their hats and handkerchiefs. The ovation continued several minutes.

NICOL MAY SECEDE, TOO.

A rumor which is gaining strength daily and is believed by many to be a fact is that Commissioner Alexander C. Nicol, who was sent here as a special commissioner a short time ago, has decided to cast his lot with Ballington Booth. It is alleged that after looking over the ground here he came to the conclusion that the Commander had not been treated properly and that the facts of the case had been concealed from General Booth. Three cable dispatches sent by Ballington Booth to his father, it is claimed, never reached him.

Colonel Eadie has been credited with being Ballington Booth's greatest enemy in the Army and has been directly charged with conspiracy to effect a change of commanders here.

MARCH TO SEE GLEASON.

The Way the Boys of Long Island City Have of Righting a Wrong Done to One of Their Number.

Patrolman Peter Kelley, of Long Island City, yesterday arrested Charles Schaffer, thirteen years old, living in the Dutch Kills section of the city. The alleged offence was stone-throwing. It is claimed that some boys became engaged in a fight and used stones as weapons, and that while the boys do not appear to have injured each other, they broke some windows and struck a man.

The friends of the boy arrested claim that he had nothing to do with the stone-throwing, and when he was arrested they tried to secure his release. Failing to induce the officer to release the boy, they scoured the neighborhood and gathered about three hundred lads, all between ten and sixteen years old, and after dividing themselves into companies and appointing captains, they started to march two miles to the office of Mayor Gleason, on Front street.

On the way down they were joined by about two hundred others, and they presented a formidable array as they turned into Borden avenue. They were perfectly orderly. They were followed by a big crowd, which wanted to witness the demonstration. On reaching the Mayor's office they found they had made their trip for nothing, as Mr. Gleason was absent from the city.

The boys then marched back to their homes. They said they were able to prove the innocence of Schaffer, and were confident that Mr. Gleason would release him.

Can Watch Waves from the Island.

Thomas Walsh was arrested by Park Policeman Jewett for loitering about Battery Park. "I was merely watching the sad sea waves," the prisoner explained in the Centre Street Court yesterday. The officer said it was thought Walsh was concealing several robberies. The Court thought Thomas could watch "the sad sea waves" better from Blackwell's Island than from the Battery, and gave him the option of going there or paying \$3 fine.

WATERS PIANOS

(Established Fifty Years.)

An elegant new "WATERS" Upright Piano, 7-13 octave, 3-stringed, full iron frame, repeating action, Ivory keys, 3 pedals—VERY HIGH, DEEP TONE, WITH FINE SINGING QUALITY, and containing all the latest improvements.



\$225

cash, or \$250 on installments, only \$10 down and

\$7 PER MONTH.

Stool, cover, tuning and delivery free. Also 50 good second-hand pianos from \$100 upward on payments of only \$5 per month. Bargains.

Old pianos and organs taken in part payment for new ones. Don't fail to examine our pianos, prices, terms, and inducements. Send for catalogue.

HORACE WATERS & CO.,
134 Fifth Ave., near 18th St.

Ladies' and Gents' Latest Spring Styles in Men's, Youth and Boys' Clothing and Hosiery. Also an elegant line of Ladies' and Tailor Made Suits, Separate Skirts, Silk Waist, Capes and Sacques on easy weekly or monthly payments, at lowest cash prices. Merchant Tailoring a specialty.

MANHATTAN CLOTHING CO.,
1114 3D AVE., 65TH-66TH STS.
Open evenings until 9 o'clock.
Yonkers Branch, 10 North Broadway, Yonkers.

COWPERTHWAIT'S
RELIABLE
CARPETS.
Long Carpet.
104 West 14th Street.

STUDENTS TORTURE PROFESSOR PINE.

University Boys Say They Want
to Make Him Less Sen-
sitive.

The Reason Given for Disturbing
Mr. Pine with Strange Noises
and Tricks.

A BARREL ROLLED DOWN STAIRS.

Shouts and Songs Rouse the Unhappy
Educator from Sleep—His Door
Fastened on the Outside.
Another Teacher Suffers.

There appears to be a rivalry between the freshmen and sophomores of the University of the City of New York as to which can make the life of Professor F. W. Pine more miserable. It is difficult to say which side is leading, and it is a fact that Professor Pine's existence has become a burden. At night all manner of noises made for his benefit resound through the dormitory on University Heights.

When brought to bay in the matter the sophomores insist that the freshmen do it, and the freshmen declare that the sophomores do it. In view of this state of affairs, the matter will probably be brought to the attention of the faculty at its next meeting, and an effort made to find the real culprits.

The present war on the professor began two weeks ago, when several sophomores and freshmen together got into disgrace with the teacher. They insist that he reports them to the faculty and they are summoned before that body on the slightest provocation, and now take the position that if they are to be reported for all offences alike they might as well make them big ones.

CHASED ON TO THE ROOF.

Several of the students were making considerable noise one night recently, when they were requested to stop. This request resulted in even more of a din, and Superintendent Woolley was told to catch the offenders. He started after them, and they ran up the stairs to the roof, where they opened the trap-door and climbed out. The trap was closed, and the students stood on top of it, while the superintendent wasted his energy trying to lift it.

Two nights later there was a loud noise in the hall. Professor Pine held his fingers in his ears, and went out to investigate, and nearly tumbled over an empty barrel. One of the students, with an original turn of mind, had discovered that an empty barrel thrown down stairs would create an unearthly noise, so he tried it for Professor Pine's benefit. This barrel performance has been repeated with variations since, until Professor Samuel Weir also became annoyed.

A new method of torture was invented last Wednesday night. After all was quiet in the dormitory, and the two professors were woolly gentle slumber, a strange noise

broke out upstairs over their heads. It was the sophomores trying to sting.

Professor Weir finally managed to quiet the serenades, to the great offence of the participants.

BOTHERED PROFESSOR WEIR.

After it was thought everybody was asleep Thursday night Professor Weir heard a noise as of some one tampering with the lock of his door. Suspecting that it was the students, he arose and tip-toed to the door. Then he threw it open suddenly.

Ranged in line in front of his door were half a dozen white-robed figures. When the door was thrown open they fled ignominiously, falling over each other in their eagerness to seek their couches.

It had been the intention of the students to fasten his door by tying it to that of Professor Pine across the hall with a rope and then to have a war dance. Not to be outdone, they returned later and did fasten the doors. Professor Pine was the first to arise next morning, and he had considerable difficulty with his door before he could get out.

"The university is a decent place," remarked one of the freshmen yesterday, "but there is not enough college spirit shown. The idea of getting angry just because one throws a barrel downstairs is ridiculous. The professors don't seem to think we ever want any fun. The students don't like Professor Pine and that is the reason they raise such rows up here. He is sensitive, and as long as he is that way we'll give him something to be sensitive about."

BENEFIT FOR A BARONESS.

Julia Mortimore, a Former Stage Favorite,
Loses Her Wealth with Her Husband's Death.

The announcement that a testimonial benefit will be tendered Julia Mortimore at the Standard Theatre next Sunday will be in the nature of a surprise to many of the older members of the theatrical profession, and to theatre-goers who, thirty years ago, worshipped at the shrine of the pretty singer and sent her floral tokens every night. She was the rage then as some comic opera queens are now, and the gilded youth of this and other cities paid her devout homage.

At the height of her career she sent a shock to the hearts of the stage-door hand-pickers by announcing her engagement to Baron Schonheim, a German banker, who had persistently followed her about this country. The night before his marriage the Baron gave his last bachelor dinner to a circle of friends in Delmonico's. The feast will long be remembered by those who participated. It has rarely been equalled in this city.

Next day, immediately after the wedding the couple sailed for Europe, and after an extended tour settled down in the banker's castle in Bavaria. They lived happily until two years ago, when Baron Schonheim died suddenly. It was found that his business affairs were so involved that after paying his obligations the widow was left almost destitute.

She returned to this country, and has since managed to earn a precarious living. Her friends have joined to get up the benefit, and have enlisted the services of Managers Tony Pastor, Colonel Niss, Randolph Aronson, Frank E. Murphy, A. M. Palmer, W. D. Seils, E. E. Rice, George W. Lederer, Charles Frohman, Harry Minet, Oscar Hausman and many others.

Stricken with Paralysis.
Orange, N. J., March 29.—Ex-Police Justice Joseph Evans, of West Orange, is confined to his home in a critical condition from the result of a stroke of paralysis he received yesterday while entering his home. Evans is sixty years old, and was known in this section.

THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

The house that advertises bargains and gives them. See the great offerings for this week at the

NEW BIG STORE
on 3d Ave. at 84th St.

Here are a few of the many good things:

This Iron Enameled Bed, Neat and Strong, Solid Oak Folding Bed, Finely Finished.	This Iron Enameled Bed, Neat and Strong.	This Dressing Case, Antique Finish, French Plate.
3.98	8.98	5.98
Well Made, not the Cheap thing usually advertised.	See Above Price for This Elegant Dining Room Table, in Solid Oak.	Oval Mirror, Superior Article.
9.48		

EVERYTHING FOR HOUSEKEEPING.

Furniture, Bedding, Carpets, Oilcloths, Crockery, Tinware, Stoves, Pictures, Curtains, Table Covers, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, Clocks, Etc.

LIBERAL CREDIT.

J. BAUMANN & BRO.
The Model Housefurnishers,
1479, 1481 and 1483 3d Ave.,
Cor. 84th St.

84th St. Station Elevated or Cable Cars. OPEN SATURDAYS TILL 10 P. M.